

*"What fools these mortals be!"*

# Puck

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AN AWFULLY UNEQUAL RACE.



## PUCK,

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"THE PRICE of that article is one dollar," says the salesman. "But, seeing that you are my best friend, I'll let you have it for — a dollar and a half."

That does n't sound exactly right, does it? But it is sound high-protectionist theory. That is the theory which is expected to work out, in practice, a future of prosperity for this country. When Mr. Harrison proudly proclaims to the world that he has no sympathy with the idea of cheap goods for the people's use, and gravely declares that a cheap coat means a cheap man, it really sounds as though he meant something. When the only possible meaning that can attach to his words is put in plain English — as it is put at the head of this column — it does not require a profound and subtle scholar to understand the real significance of the Republican cant of "keeping up prices" for the benefit of the workingman. Reduce Mr. Harrison's theory to practice, bring it down to the brief practical conversation over the counter, and the wayfaring man must be a fool, indeed, if he can not read in a list of increased prices an increased drain upon the wages that, for all the talk, for all the promises, for all the buncombe eloquence of the Republican orators, never increase one cent's worth beyond the actual market-value of labor in any given place, at any given time.

A cheap coat. Mr. Harrison thinks — or says he thinks — makes a cheap man. But which one feels the cheaper, the man who pays ten dollars for a ten-dollar coat, or the man who pays fifteen dollars for that same ten-dollar coat? Does it add anything to a man's stature to be cheated out of one-third of his hard-earned money? Is the laboring-man, whose work is bought by his employers as cheaply as they can buy it — and what labor, high or low, great or small, is not, and has not always been, bought on these terms? — is the laboring-man who sells his labor, his time, his whole life, on this basis, to indulge in the luxury of buying his necessities in the highest market, to avoid the awful possibility of Mr. Harrison's taking him for a "cheap man?" This is a hard world, and a cold world. If a man has a warm ten-dollar coat on his back, he can afford to be set down in Mr. Harrison's book as less dear than the man who has paid fifteen dollars for ten dollars' worth, to maintain the glories of the "protective" tariff.

There are men, no doubt, who conscientiously believe that this "protective tariff" is really the protection of the American workingman; and that high prices ensure him high wages. Once in a while, these men want to borrow money. It may happen that they find it difficult to get what they want. The people to whom they apply do not wish to lend. They are told that "money is tight" — "there is no money" — "ready money is scarce." Does it ever occur to them that in a country where high prices prevail, money is far more likely to be scarce than in a country where low prices call for less use of the natural volume of currency? If it ever does so occur to them, by any chance, would it not pay them, and their country, if they would try to figure out for themselves whether or no the good folk who are unreasonably clamoring for an increase in the circulating medium of the nation would not be far better satisfied with a decrease in the prices of the commodities which they use that circulating medium to buy?

It is a more or less pleasing custom for the travelers on ocean steamships to get up a concert, or entertainment, on each trip, for which more or less talented amateur and professional performers volunteer, and at which a more or less generous collection is taken up; but invariably for the benefit of some doubtless deserving but foreign charity. At rare intervals there have been found on board a few bold spirits who have dared to suggest that the American passengers, who contribute by far the larger part of the funds collected on these occasions, should have a word to say as to the manner of their distribution. Which suggestion, when made to the commanding officer, has usually been met with some such reply as:

"Certainly, if you do not care to send the money to the Hospital for Invalided Quarter-Gunners at Plymouth, there is the Retreat for Inebriate

Stokers at Southampton, and the Institution for Training Sailors' Half-Orphans for Domestic Service at Liverpool, all very worthy and deserving charities. — American Charities? — Well, really, you know these concerts are a beastly bore to the officers, and the Company only consents to allow them for the purpose of assisting some of our benevolent enterprises attome — good morning!"

Owing to the weakness of human nature — especially that phase of it which is found in persons possessing what is known on Murray Hill as "accomplishments," and on Union Square as "talent" — the performance invariably comes off — to the delight of the performers and the Inebriate Stokers at Southampton.

On the recent Westward bound trip of "La Touraine," of the French line of steamships, in some mysterious manner the getting-up of the usual concert fell into the hands of passengers who were more interested in benefiting a deserving charity than in affording an outlet for the surplus talent on board; and it was accordingly proposed to give the entertainment for the benefit of the Floating Hospital and Summer Home of St. John's Guild, New York. Permission was asked of the Captain, who diplomatically gave answer that although he did not wish to be understood to object, he did not care to establish the precedent of giving a collection to an American charity; *anglice* — no foreign charity, no concert. Doubtless greatly to his surprise and to that of the ever-ready corps of volunteers, the promoters of the enterprise promptly declined to accept the alternative, and forthwith began to solicit subscriptions for the Guild without the coaxing accompaniment of music, a proceeding which by some oversight was found to be compatible with the rules and regulations of the Company. The sum of two thousand and forty-three francs was the result, equally gratifying to the Guild and its beneficiaries and to the United States of American spirit of the passengers and all other true-spirited United States of Americans.

It is devoutly to be hoped that a few more instances of this nature will not be wanting to convince the Steamship Companies that their American passengers reserve the right to spend their money, in charity and otherwise, as suits their own will and not the whim of any common carrier. Certainly, with this example before them, citizens of a free country will decline further to submit to a petty tyranny which seeks by an unwarranted interference with their harmless amusements to control the direction of their charitable inclinations — a tyranny, by the way, which would not be possible under a policy on the part of our own government which would permit American passengers to be carried over sea under the American flag with profit to American ship-owners.

THE BASE-BALL PLAYERS were not filled with delight when they first heard of that invention which is called the rain-compelling machine.

THIS is a great administration for upsetting things. Under it even the surplus turned up minus.



HIS FIRST TRIP OVER.

MR. CLAYBANK (suddenly waking up). — B' gosh! She must be goin' up a mighty steep grade.



# RANDOM RHYMES.

## THE RESPONSIVE CHORD.

I SENT OUT a ship loaded down with the freight  
Of a brain's inspirational wares,  
On a sea of probation, in bond to await  
For an editor's clearance of shares.

I had sonnets and songs and ballads on "Spring,"  
And I labeled one "Beautiful Snow;"  
When my ship sailed away like a bird on the wing,  
Hope-wreathed from her keel to the bow.

One thought I had launched in a modest quatrain,  
(As a solace for weightier work.)  
That "'strong-minded' theories now were the bane,  
Whence the ills of Pandora may lurk —"

That "woman's true mission to cheer and to bless  
To man's nobler worth should be given,  
And his wiser strength to her sweet feebleness  
Is the prop kindly fashioned by heaven."

'T was a timorous thing 'gainst the tide to be stemmed,  
But my ship with disaster was fraught,  
My triolets, rondels, and rhymes were condemned,  
And that was the freight which was bought!

*Inda Barton Hays.*

## A LITTLE RITUALIST.

I USED TO just hate it when each Sunday came,  
And I wondered which sermon was drier;  
But it's different since I belong to the church,  
And I sing in the new surpliced choir.

I was too scared at first to make even a noise,  
And my face grew as red as the fire;  
But I made my lips move, so 's to look like the rest,  
And I marched with the new surpliced choir.

But now, when the organ tones roll out so deep,  
Our young voices swell fearlessly higher,  
And in our white "nighties" we walk two-and-two,  
As we sing in the new surpliced choir.

And us fellows feel that we want to be good,  
And some times — when the sermon 's a crier —  
We wink back the tears, and we whisper a prayer,  
As we stand in the new surpliced choir.

And, say — do you know? I ain't had a fight,  
N'r called young Billy Simkins a liar  
Since I have belonged to the 'Piscopal Church,  
And have sung in the new surpliced choir.

I know Mother tells me it 's wrong to be proud,  
But I can't help a-feelin' some higher,  
When I think I belong to the 'Piscopal Church,  
And I sing in the 'Piscopal choir.

*Marie More Marsh.*

## TWO MEN.

"HOW SWEET," the first man cried,  
"is death!"

The faltering pulse, the dying breath  
Form but a gentle span between  
The life unsolved and the life unseen,  
When the weary soul shall know not care,  
But rest and beauty everywhere.  
Ah! death is sweet! And so, say I,  
Give me the man content to die."

The other sighed and shook his head:  
"Ah!" death comes all too soon," he said.  
"And better than blighted youth, I wage,  
Is the charm that lies in a green old age.  
With a sturdy frame, and a hardy health,  
And a goodly store of worldly wealth,  
Man's life is sweet, indeed, and he  
Whose life is long is the man for me."

And then the life insurance fakir  
Rose and left the undertaker.

*J. P. Denison.*

## A PRAIRIE POST-GRADUATE.

So! Back from school, Chiquita!  
Come, tell — what did you learn?  
What! All that stuff? Well, sure enough,  
Those teachers ought to burn!

I'd like to know what reasons  
They can advance who say  
The sun controls the seasons,  
And even makes the day —

When any one can see, dear,  
Who half an eye has got,  
'T is day when you're with me, dear,  
And night when you are not.

How blind a little learning  
Does make that sort of men:  
The stars up yonder burning,  
They say are "planets" — when

They are (plain truth as this is,  
E'en blindness should accept)  
Our tally-sheet of kisses  
The watchful night has kept.

Such dogmas false and harmful  
You must not credit, dear.  
Why, the world is but an armful —  
I hold it here!

Ah, no! These prosy teachers  
But lead the mind amiss.  
The only creed that we shall need  
Is this — and this — and this!

*Chas. F. Lummis.*



# HALF-TRUE TALES:

Stories founded on fiction.

By C. H. Augur (Morris Waite)

Illustrations by C. J. Taylor

## A NIGHT AT MCNAUGHTON'S.\*

MCNAUGHTON'S PLACE was forty miles from anywhere, and not so very easy of access when all the country lay buried deep in snow; but enough people were gathered under his hospitable roof to make a pleasant evening of it.

There was Alf, the tall cooper, who made fish-kegs in the fishing season, and in Winter had nothing to do but tramp about during the day with his rifle, and sit in the evening with his long legs crossed and his luxuriant black moustache drooping around the curved stem of his pipe.

There was Luke, the homesteader, who had come on snowshoes from his solitary hut, some thirty miles back in the woods, to see McNaughton's children, and to get a fresh supply of tobacco.

There was Watts, a farmer-fisherman from up the shore, whose gun stood in the hallway, and whose two mongrel dogs slept at his feet, while he talked of their sagacity and fleetness of foot, unconscious of the winks and side glances that accompanied the serious comments of his hearers.

There was McNaughton's brother-in-law, Jerry, sitting on the lounge, absently playing an accordion while he listened to the conversation.

There was Jerry's brother, Jabe, who had piloted me to the place, and who now sat by the stove contentedly puffing his pipe.

There were three young men who had been "getting out cedar" for McNaughton, and who still wore their red leggings and checked shirts while they sat in a row, silent and bashful, their chairs tipped back against the wall.

There was Murphy, McNaughton's man-of-all-work, who smoked and smoked, and occasionally spoke to McNaughton in undertones about the cattle.

There was McNaughton's Billy, riding horseback on Luke the homesteader's foot; and McNaughton's Tom, standing in front of Luke's chair, telling a tale of deer-tracks up on the bluff; and McNaughton's Nelly, idly running her fingers through Luke's flaxen locks, while she leaned on the back of his chair; and McNaughton's Bob, stretched out on the floor by the side of Watts's dogs, gazing into Luke's face in silent admiration.

And there was John McNaughton himself — farmer, fisherman, prospector, surveyor, hunter, the head-

centre of this little world, whose word was law, whose opinions no one questioned, and whom every one, young and old, called by his first name. The curly head of a sleeping night-gowned child lay on his breast, and he rocked and talked, and waved away with his hand the clouds of smoke which now and then rolled too thickly toward the little girl's face.

Watts got up and went into the kitchen for a drink of water, the two dogs following; and to fill the gap in the conversation caused by his departure, I made some remark to McNaughton about the steepness of the hill back of the house, and the narrowness of the road leading down to the gate.

A little laugh came from back of the stove, and Jabe removed the pipe from his mouth to tell the company how I leaned over against him when we came down the hill, to keep the sleigh from tipping over the bluff. He said he guessed I was scared.

The smile went round at my expense, but the opportune return of Watts and the diversion caused by the readjustment into comfortable positions of himself and the two dogs served to cover my confusion, if I felt any.

"Doc. Hart thinks he's got a pretty smart dog," said Watts; "but that feller there," he rested one big foot on the dog's ribs, "kin run in two deer to his one."

"That is a bad hill," said McNaughton;

"and Jabe comes down, hurrah-boys, loose rein, slam-bang!

You'll do it once too often, young man, and then we'll have more broken necks down there in the rocks."

"Has there ever been an accident on the hill?" I asked.

"One," said McNaughton; "and the Lord preserve us from ever having another." He knocked the ashes from his pipe as he spoke, and placed it on the table.

The music of the accordion stopped, Billy dismounted from Luke's foot and stretched himself on the floor. Tom left off his tale of the deer-tracks, and all sounds ceased, save the lullaby of Mrs. McNaughton in the kitchen and the measured rocking of her chair on the bare floor.

"Alf remembers the night," said McNaughton.

"And he ain't likely to forget it," said Alf, without raising his eyes from the floor.

"It was three years ago last July," McNaughton continued. "The mosquitos were terrible bad that night, and Alf and I had been sitting on the piazza with a smudge going until about ten o'clock.

"Then a shower came up, and it blowed great guns, and drove us into the house. The door banged and the windows shook and rattled, and we could hear the loose boards rip off the fence — and how it did rain! Then the old lake began to roar, and Alf said we'd have to go down to the dock and make the scow fast, or we'd lose her.

"We'd been out with the boys to set a pound net on the reef that day, and we had n't made things very fast, because we had to

go out early in the morning to finish the job. "Well, we put on our oilers, got the lantern, and started out. The storm was making such a racket we could hardly hear each other speak; but we had n't more than stepped off the piazza when Alf caught my arm, and we both stopped short.

"Who's that hollering?" says Alf.

"Hark!" says I.

"Hel-l-o-o-o!"

The lullaby in the kitchen ceased. The child on McNaughton's breast started, and sleepily groped with her hand about his neck and beard. He waited until she became quiet.

"Was that on the lake?" says I. I was afraid it might be Jerry and Alec coming from the lower fishing-ground.





"Just then we heard it again — 'Hel-lo-o-o!'"  
McNaughton called more softly this time.

"That 's up on the bluff," says Alf.

"The wind had blown out the light, and we could n't even see each other. I was just about to answer the call, when we heard a woman scream. Oh, it was a fearful shriek! I hear it yet — and at the same time there came a flash of lightning that made it light as day, and we saw a horse and buggy topple over the bluff. Then it was dark again, and a sharp thunder-clap drowned the crash of the buggy. You did n't hear it, did you, Alf?"

"Not a sound of it," said Alf.

"Nor I," said McNaughton; "and I've always been thankful for it."

"I don't see how Hawkins and his wife come to get off the road that night," Watts remarked.

"They probably took the wrong turn at the school-house," said McNaughton; "and when they saw our light at the foot of the hill, they knew they had lost their way, and called for us to come and set them right. But it 's all guess-work," he continued; "for they could n't tell us anything when we found 'em." He looked at Jabe. "If you 'd been here that night, young man," he said, "you 'd come down that hill slow forever after."

McNaughton got up and walked softly into an adjoining room to put the little girl in bed.



Jake filled his pipe, Jerry placed the accordion on the table, and the two brothers, bundled up in their overcoats and caps and said, "Good night." Soon afterward the remaining company was dispersed about the house, and McNaughton and I stood by the window in the little room assigned to me for the night.

"You can see the place from here," said McNaughton; and he pointed out a spot near the tall, dead pine which stood out black against the sky, on the edge of the bluff.

After McNaughton had gone, I stood for awhile looking out at the glistening snow, and the cold waters of the lake dancing in the moonlight away out beyond the jagged fields of ice. Then my feet got cold, and I went to bed.

I had ridden more than forty miles that day, with legs cramped and back unsupported, in a very uncomfortable sleigh. I had had no food on the way, but had reached McNaughton's faint with hunger and numb with cold. Then I had eaten heartily, and sat all the evening in the crowded little room kept hot by a stove full of blazing wood.

I refer to these things because I can think of no other causes for the peculiarly unsettled mental condition in which I had listened to McNaughton's story, and the extreme nervousness which followed it and which kept me awake long after the last sound of man and dog had ceased, and left the house in perfect stillness.

And when I did fall asleep, I dreamt that McNaughton was telling the story again. I heard him call "Hel-lo-o-o!" and then I heard a shriek so loud and long and real, that I started up in bed and clutched the blankets!

The moon had set; but in sleepy astonishment I saw a flash of light through the window, which quavered on the opposite wall for a moment and disappeared.

I instinctively waited for a clap of thunder to follow the lightning, but I heard nothing more except the creak of a bed in the next room, as the occupant turned over and resumed his slumber.

"That was the most vivid dream I ever had in my life," I said to myself; and I continued in a sitting posture, thinking of it in a dazed way, until I suddenly realized that I was shivering with cold.

Then I drew the heavy blankets over me, and after awhile I dropped asleep; but only to dream a second time of McNaughton's story.

Again that horrible shriek, or yell, or whatever unearthly sound it was, awoke me; and while it rang in my ears, the flash of light quavered on the wall and vanished.

I was so sure this time that the lightning flash was no part of a dream that I got out of bed and went to the window, fully expecting to see evidence of a coming thunder storm, even though it was the middle of Winter. But the sky was cloudless, and a million stars were blinking at the snow-covered earth.

I slowly crept beneath the blankets, but I was too thoroughly roused to sleep again, and I was lying half an hour later with my eyes wide open and brain thoroughly active, when for the third time I heard the wild shriek and saw the lightning flash through the window and quaver on the wall.

I did not stir this time, but lay in dazed wonderment. I did not try to reason. I was simply frightened, and longed, with all my soul, for daylight.

Before the first streak of dawn appeared, however, I heard some of the men go down the stairs, and I eagerly jumped out of bed and dressed.

I found McNaughton, Watts, Murphy and the three silent young men just sitting down to breakfast in the kitchen.

"You need n't have got up so early," said McNaughton; "the boys have got to go into the woods, but the rest of us can take our time. I'm afraid we woke you up, did n't we?"

I said, "No; I was already awake, and really preferred getting up to lying a-bed on such a fine morning." No one suspected how deeply true that statement was.

I washed my hands and face at the sink, and took a place at the table. Murphy arose, took a lighted lantern from the floor, and went out the door.

"I've got a sick horse in the barn," said McNaughton; "and he's kept Murphy running down there and back 'most all night."

"You want to put a little —"

The shriek! Loud and wild it sounded, filling all the room. I started up.

"What do you want, the salt?" said Watts.

I sat down, took the salt, and looked blankly at the other faces. Was it possible that they had heard nothing?

"What was you going to say, Watts?" asked McNaughton.

"I was going to say," said Watts; "that you want to put a little grease on them big rusty gate hinges of yours. I slep' on that side o' the house last night, and I guess the blame gate woke me up every time Murphy went out with his darn lantern to look after the damn horse."

"You must n't mind a little thing like that," said McNaughton.



#### SMILES VS. TEARS.

WHEN CLYTIE laughs at me, as oft she doth,  
I set myself to use whatever wile  
Her merry mood may alter, nothing loth  
To see repentant tears put out her smile.

But, when she weeps, as eagerly I try  
To soothe her pain, her dear grief to beguile,  
And know not which is sweeter, no, not I,  
Her smile in tears, or tears within her smile.

Madeline S. Bridges.

#### ON MISCHIEF BENT.

JUDGE.—What excuse have you to offer for your crookedness?

PRISONER.—I wished to make both ends meet, your Honor.

#### EVERY DAY FOR LUNCHEON.

HALL ROOME.—I'm writing a verse on the landlady's daughter; give me a rhyme for spoons.

"Have you used prunes?"

#### A PRIVILEGED CHARACTER —



#### THE ROSE AND THE THORN.

'T is sweet, indeed, to bask in fragrant shades,  
Or flirt with Doris gayly in the sun;  
But, oh! how tough to turn to work again  
On that blue day when the vacation's done!

#### A CHANGE IN TEMPERATURE.

IN THE CITY, she would greet me  
With a frigid, little bow;  
But she seemed so glad to meet me,  
That we've altered all that, now.

For my honest arm is learning,  
Unaccustomed, crooked ways,  
And my eager lips are turning  
Where a charming dimple plays.

And she knows, the pretty scorners,  
She is holding with those smiles  
A monopolistic corner,  
On the only man, for miles.

Harry Romaine.

#### A NIGHT PRACTICE.

"Why does young Doctor Bohn like to play poker so much?"

"He gets called so often!"

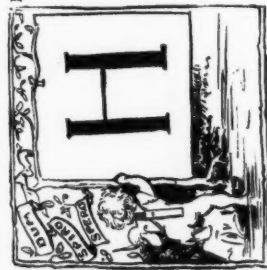
BRIDAL PARTIES probably go to Niagara because a little extra gush would not be noticed there.



THE GREAT FINNERTY-EINSTEIN TUG OF WAR.

## TOO RESPECTFUL.

FINNERTY HIMSELF. — Pull, yez barriers, pull! Be gobs, there's a nigger in the fence, av there's anything kin hate Finnerty's pull in the Twinty-nineth Warrud!



HE SAYS he loves me ardently, yet he  
Of this sweet thought goes far to disabuse  
me,  
When, if by accident he touches me,  
He murmurs anxiously: "Oh! pray,  
excuse me."

And when we waltz, why should he use  
such art  
That I scarce feel his clasp? And what  
compels him  
To beg for "pardon," if against my heart  
Some whirling couple recklessly impels  
him?

And when in crowded seats we take our place,  
And Fate, by his dear side has close bestowed me,  
Why should he try so hard to give me space,  
And mourn the fact that he must "discommode me?"  
Of course he loves me, for he seems to be  
Never of *petits soins* tired or neglectful;  
But, as I'm fond of him, dear me! dear me!  
I wish he'd be a little *less* respectful.

Madeline S. Bridges.

## HE KNEW HER WAY.

"To-day is my birthday," said Mrs. Gayboy to her twenty-five year old son.  
"So it is," said the young man. "You must be nearly as old as I am now; eh, Mother?"

IF THE WOMAN who hesitates is lost, she must be in a dangerous position when out shopping.



## HIS PLAN.

FIRST AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER. — I wish I could invent a good dark room.  
SECOND AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER. — Why don't you do as I do?  
FIRST AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER. — How do you do?  
SECOND AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER. — Hire a flat in Brooklyn.

## DURING A FAMILY SPAT.

MR. LASTWORD. — There's a great difference between you women and a cent.

MRS. LASTWORD. — Yes? In that you possess the first, but not the second.

MR. LASTWORD. — No. All cents have women's heads, but some women's heads — (*bangs the door as he goes out*).

## WANTED IT APPLIED.

"Pa," said little Johnny Cutely, "I heard you talking with Mr. Brown just now, and you said you — you did n't believe in future punishment."

"Well, Johnny," replied the old man, "the subject is a strange one for you to speak about; but, really, I don't."

"Then, I suppose — I suppose that lets me out o' the lickin' you promised me after supper."

## CALCULATED TO AGGRAVATE IT.

DR. PARETIS. — I think, Mrs. Butts, it would do your husband good to feed him on goat's milk awhile.

MRS. BUTTS. — But, Doctor, my husband is very headstrong now.

## CHICAGO HOSPITALITY.

MRS. CALUMET. — Do let me offer you some wine, Mr. Bleecker. But I am afraid you will find it rather old. We have had it in the cellar for two weeks.

THE FUN of some people is like an elephant's dancing. You wonder how they do it, and you're sure it hurts.

HE WAS A modest business man who put a canvas cover on his ledger because he disliked undraped figures.

MR. DE STYLE dubs his wife's tailor Longinus, because he "calls new beauties forth in every line."



Puck's  
ILLUSTRATED  
DEFINITIONS.  
"A Game Leg."



## SUGAR AND SURRUP.

A NEW ENGLAND TALE.

(Dedicated to Mary E. Wilkins.)



OLA WALES sat at the early Summer breakfast-table. It was 4:30 A. M. Her father and the hired man, Silas Cunningham, also sat at the table. Her mother, a stout woman, was frying the buckwheat-cakes. Iola was not a handsome girl, but there was a firm look about her mouth that betokened decision. This morning she looked almost sweet. Silas was her young man, and they had been "settin' up together" Sunday nights till 12:30 now for some time. Silas was of a little better family than the Waleses. It is generally so. The better part of New England country life consists in living up to one's hired man and hired girl.

"Pass the sugar, Iole," said Silas, as he took a buckwheat-cake.

"Why don't you eat surrup on your cakes, Silas? it's cheaper than sugar," said Iola.

"The Cunninghams ain't never et 'em so," said Silas, firmly. "Pass the sugar."

"I won't *never* pass you the sugar," answered Iola; "surrup is good enough for me, and it's good enough for the man who marries me."

Silas looked at her fixedly for some minutes. There was a suggestion of firmness in his mouth, too. Then he rose, and went out of the kitchen through the woodshed, and thence to the barn. He left the cake untouched.

Seventy years have passed, almost unheeded in that quiet spot. Iola is still Miss Wales. She never had another beau since that fatal day. Silas, however, is still the hired man. Since the day when he held firm



## A QUICK SEND-OFF.

MRS. SPOOTS (looking out the window).—Goodness! here comes that horrid Mrs. Waggles and all her children. What shall I do?

AUNT TOTSIE.—I know! Johnny, as soon as they get seated, you say you don't feel well, do you hear?

JOHNNY (two minutes later).—I feel awful sick.  
AUNT TOTSIE.—Oh! let me see your throat. Mercy on us! I hope you are n't going to have diphtheria!  
MRS. WAGGLES.—I hope not! Come, children! We only dropped in for a moment!

to the principles of the Cunningham family, he never seemed to have any ambition to go away.

But what is the matter with Iola this Summer morning? A tremor, almost a blush is struggling over her wrinkled face.

"I jest can't do it," she says to herself, as Silas helps himself to the last buckwheat-cake. Her arm trembles. But at last, with a jerk, with nearly a physical convulsion of her skinny arm, she passes him the sugar. Love has conquered.

As Silas sat with his arm on the back of her chair, he said, tenderly:

"Iole, ain't you got another cake?"

"There's one I've got put away," she answered, coyly; "but it's seventy years old to-day."

She had kept it all that time.

W. G. B.



## TAKING NOTES.

KIRBY STONE.—What paper do you take, Lott?

JOB LOTT.—I've spent most of my time lately taking up my son-in-law's.

## THE USUAL QUESTION.

MR. FLANNELS.—Ah, by th' way, heard the news? Ther' was a little girl born at the Swithers's lahest night.

MRS. DE MODE (absent-mindedly).—Eh—what did she have on?

## THE DETECTIVE 'SKEETER.

"The ghost that has been haunting that old Jersey mansion is a fraud."

"How do you know?"

"The last time he appeared, he spent half his time slapping at mosquitos."

## THAT WAS IT.

"Did you ever discover anything a Vassar girl does n't know?"

"Only once. She did n't know a garter snake when she saw it."

"Oh, pshaw! She knew, but she did n't like to tell."

## LIVING UP TO IT.

She said he was a great big bear,

When he one day displeased her.

"All right," said he, and then and there  
Just like a bear he squeezed her.



## A HOPELESS STRUGGLE.

PARISHIONER.—I heah dat de camp-meetin' is done been discontinued, Mistah Whaleback; what war de matter?

REV. MR. WHALEBACK.—W'at wif t'ree white men jes' outside de grounds a-peddlin' hard cider, watahmillions, an' lottery-tickets, hit war impossible foh me to keep up de religious fervor ob de congregation, sah!

TURN ABOUT is fair play, but who ever heard of the inclement weather postponing itself for a pleasure party?



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. PUCK BLOC N.Y.

# THE G. O. P. DUCHESS AND HER

GENERAL BEN BOUM.—I would divide my army into three parts—on the right, the corps of Pension-Grabbers; on the left, the legion of Office  
JIM FRITZ.—Oh, pshaw! I would consolidate the whole army; start the war-cry of "Reciprocity," and knock the enemy out wherever





ND HER RIVAL LEADERS.

...on of Office Seekers; and in the centre I would plant my American Silver battery, and blow the enemy to pieces! Boum!  
...et wherever I found him, by Jingo!

## A TERRIBLE POSSIBILITY.

It used to be said by nervous, apprehensive people, that the ordinary speech of one man during one year would, if recorded, fill an immense library. It was an appalling thought; but the possibility of such a library of drivel coming into existence seemed very faint, inasmuch as no man could take down his own speech, and no one else would be insane enough to do it for him.

But even now the records of almost the entire speech of men are being made.

In the business offices of our land "Yours truly, Secretary" and "Very respectfully, Gen'l Mngr." for hours each day rapidly, vividly, ungrammatically and incoherently discourse (with the blindness of pride) to helpless stenographers, and copies of the discourse are retained in books which are stored away in vaults.

Again, Mr. Harrison took a stenographer with him on his recent royal progress, and it is believed by some that this stenographer had secret orders to preserve Harrison's speeches.

Suppose now that barbarism should engulf us as it once engulfed Rome, and that at the new renaissance the only writings left to represent us were those of the Secretary, Gen'l Mngr. and B. Hat Harrison?

Would not posterity use us as its mock? Yes; and it would be part of the learning of the future to know the depths of our fatuity.

What shall we do to guard our memory  
When naught remains except some  
chancing page  
To tell the story of our by-gone age?  
*Williston Fish.*



### MARKED DOWN.

GEORGE.—A penny for your thoughts, Jessie.  
JESSIE.—That's a bargain.  
GEORGE.—Well, what were you thinking of?  
JESSIE.—You!

### THE PRINCE OF NAPLESS TROUSSEAU.

Should the young prince Victor Emmanuel keep on continuing his quest for a royal bride, his chances are that he will succeed in collecting a wardrobe that will please the taste of his spouse, to say the least. Princess Victoria gave him the mitten, to start with, and now the queen of that name has decorated him with the garter.

### HIS TITLES.

VISITOR (at the Executive Chamber, Albany).—Good-morning, Senator. (After a pause.) Good-morning, Governor. (After another pause). Hi, there, Dave!

D. B. H.—Ah, good-morning, Colonel.

### IT PROBABLY WAS.

"You surprise me with what you say about your streets being so dirty," said the Englishman to the New Yorker. "I was talking with a very prominent New York gentleman, the other day, and his story was very different from yours. He said your streets are the cleanest in the world."

"Who was the man?"

"He said his name was Beattie."

### PECKSNIFFS.

It looks as if the man who peddles garters,  
And shows you how to wear them, in  
Broadway,  
Would soon be added to the band of martyrs  
Who've had to bow to Puritanic sway.  
'T were well for us if every one who barbers,  
Like him, would show us first for what we pay.

Methinks these saints who now their fury hurl  
Would not object to see them on a girl.



### A HALT IN THE PROCEEDINGS.

LONG-TERM HOWDERLY (in a faint whisper).—It's most mornin', Crimmy. Le's git out.  
TUNNELED-OUT CRIMMINGS.—You go, Lengthy. I've got ter stay till I finish this.

### A CHANGE IN THE FAMILY.

"E-r-r-r, yas-sum! Me an' Munner an' Bawb Lee an' Hood an' Bartow an' Bee an' Unker Bill—all on us done come up dis mawnin' on de 'skussion, jes' behine de watermillium train. An' Unker Bill he done tuk an'—"

"Who is Uncle Bill?—Bill Gilbert?"

"E-r-r-r, yas-sum! Unker Bill, you knows 'im?"

"Why, Kate, he's yours and Bob's and Hood's, Bartow's and Bee's father, is n't he?"

"E-r-r-r, yas-sum! He's our D-a-a-dy; but us calls 'um Unker Bill, now, cos Munner's got anudder husbun'."

### AS TO WISDOM.

FOREIGNER.—What is the name of your president?

NATIVE.—Harrison.

FOREIGNER.—Is he a wise man?

NATIVE.—Not very. He thinks he can be elected for another term.

BOSTON is in New England; New York is in New Ireland.

POLITICAL ECONOMY—Going without Socks.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS—To dig you in the ribs and tread on your corns.

OLD GROUTY says that his neighbor's parrot wants a torpedo more than a "cracker."

"WILL YOU kindly give my husband a pass up Sixth Avenue to-night?"

"A pass up Sixth Avenue! What for?"

"So that he can get by the saloons without stopping."

A POLISHED VILLAIN—The chap who beats his boot-black out of the price of a shine.



### A SWEET THING.

SAM.—Do you ever use the gloves, Gus?

GUS.—Aw—no. Pwoper thing to have 'em, ye know; but I've—aw—had them filled with sachet powder.





### BURNING QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

ASSISTANT.—I see the *Morning Nerve* has an editorial called, "Did Patrick Henry Smoke?"

EDITOR.—Well, you write one for our to-morrow's edition, and call it, "Would Washington Have Made a Good Tennis Player?" We've got to keep our end up, somehow!

### A PLAN FOR THE AUTOMATIC AMELIORATION OF SOCIETY.

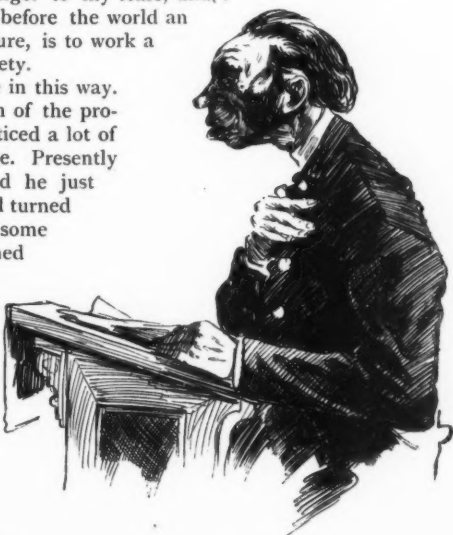
THE AMOUNT of nervous wear and tear upon the American people, resulting from the check put upon freedom of speech by the force of circumstances, is something so appalling that I have for a long time thought that somebody ought to do something to relieve it.

I should have taken the matter in hand long ago, but from the secret terror that was aroused within me by the thought that I might succeed, and thus become a public benefactor, and be given a statue in a park. But having received a valuable suggestion toward the solution of the question, I resolved to yield no longer to my fears, and, I am now prepared to lay before the world an invention which, I feel sure, is to work a peaceful revolution in society.

My idea came to me in this way. I was in the lecture-room of the professor one day, and I noticed a lot of little stop-cocks on his table. Presently he wanted some gas, and he just stepped up to the table and turned it on. Then he wanted some electricity, and he turned that on in the same way. Then he needed a small tornado for some experimental purpose, and he turned that on, too. Then he wanted to do something mean, and to shut the windows while he did it; and so he turned on some iron shutters.

The machinery for the whole business was off somewhere in the basement.

I did n't think of its application to my purpose at that time; but not long after, I was in my office and a man came in to see me, and before he left I felt as though I would like to see a tornado carry him to Canada, and a streak of lightning come along and strike him, and a coal mine explode all over him; and meantime I was forced by the exigencies of the situation to smile upon him blandly, and maintain toward him my most polite de-



### IT NEVER FAILS.

"Now is a good time to work in my vacation cough."

meanor. When he went away, I had no opportunity to relieve my feelings, for there were others around who I knew respected me, and the result was I felt mean and hypocritical all day.

Then the thought flashed through me if there were only a stop-cock here by which I could turn on a proper expression of my feelings, what a relief it would be to me!

The more I thought of it, the more it seemed to me that I had made a great discovery. The plan was perfectly feasible. All that would be necessary would be to have a machine of the nature of the autophone, tuned to play an unusually lively style of music; then this machine could be erected in some remote closet, electric connections made with the desk, and at any time, by simply touching a button, one could have the satisfaction of knowing that somewhere his favorite line of expletives were being vigorously enunciated.

He might even go further with perfect ease, and so arrange matters that the machine should talk into a telephone, so that if he chose he could have the pleasure of listening, while others around him would never suspect in the least what he was listening to.

He would not make the remarks himself, and thus his own conscience would not trouble him; he would not have the feeling of moral responsibility that he would have if a small boy had been employed to make the remarks, and at the same time he would enjoy the gratification of knowing that the remarks were being made, and of listening to them if he chose to do so.

I can not here take time to elaborate the many ways in which this machine could be made serviceable to the community. I must content myself with merely indicating a few.

In families, for example, by the use of this invention, husbands might enjoy the satisfaction of having the last word, while the wives still retained the pleasing impression of thinking they had it; and thus both parties, instead of one, as now, would be gratified.

In theatres a button could be attached to each seat, and gentlemen reposing in the shade of bonnets could ameliorate their condition.

There should be public stations, particularly on icy streets, where any one for a moderate compensation could set some balm flowing for his or her wounded feelings at a central office.

I should be glad to elaborate my invention farther, but I think enough has been said to show that it will eventually afford immeasurable relief to our overworked, nervous American people.

Which Smith.

### A STRONG IMPRESSION.

ED HICKEY.—Have you ever become conscious of a subtle Italian atmosphere about Bar Harbor?

ROXY SPOONER.—No; what has given you such an idea?

ED HICKEY.—There is no bathing here.



"Well, I succeeded."



### SUBTLETIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

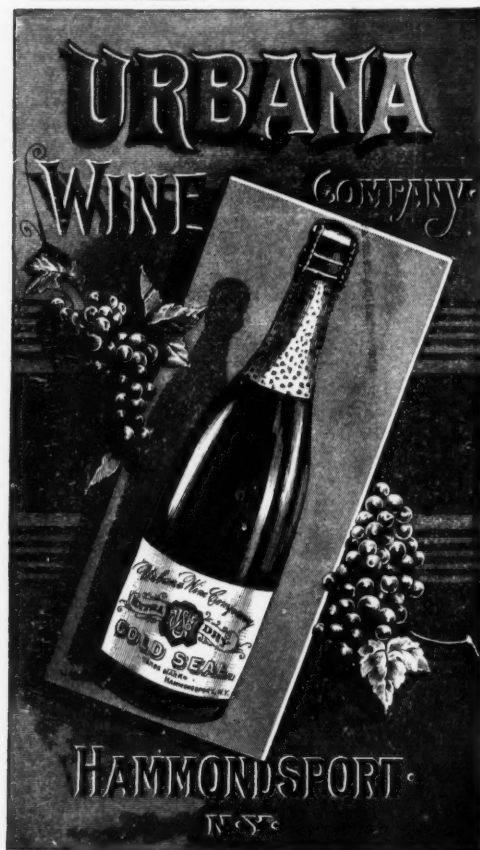
MISS PLACIDA SYMPERTHY (to D'ULTHUD, who has just fallen out of the tree).—Did you hurt you?

D'ULTHUD.—Who 'n blazes d' ye think I hurt?

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Gents' 30-inch Safety, balls to b's and pedals, 55.00.

## A POLITICIAN.

COME, linger where the nation calls  
Her sons to serve within her halls,  
And out the throng, now mark him rise,  
A Politician, passing wise.  
His bloated form, his blood-shot eye,  
His vacant stare and nervous cry,  
Betoken hours of revel kept  
O'er cups, when honest people slept.  
Now hark him roar and rudely shout,  
(As storming through a nightly bout,  
Of Capital, and Labor, too,  
Adjusting these to please the few;  
Or pausing oft, as hic-cups rise,  
Again his tangled discourse tries,—  
Recounts his toils, rebuffs his foes,  
Implores "the vote his country owes."  
Ah! this is he, obsequious tool  
Of men who plot and rogue by rule,  
Who press a nation, sink a state,  
Yet pass for what the world calls great.  
And this is he who prowleth nigh,  
With cup and purse, intent to buy  
The ignoble crew who court a bribe  
To aid a cause, a clan, or tribe.  
And such the people tolerate,  
Dollar and dram, to rule the state.  
Or bloated tricksters' codes may try,  
While honest laws are shuffled by.  
On such foul seas the *Ship of State* must toss,  
While fats and fats some low wire-pulling "Boss."

E. A. C.

Add 20 drops of Angostura Bitters to every glass of impure water you drink. The genuine only manufactured by Dr. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

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THE MAN WHO DOES N'T LAUGH.  
SPACER (to his funny friend).—You seem to  
be confoundedly sulky this afternoon, Joivle.  
JOIVLE.—Yes; I'm taking a rest.

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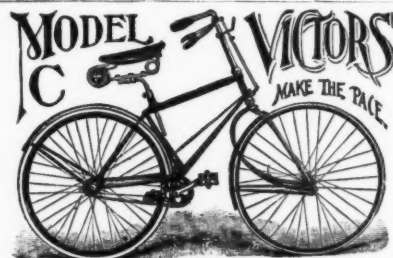
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the powers that "We."



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### SEIZING HIS OPPORTUNITY.

ADVANCE AGENT.—Hi, there! What are you doing with that pistol?

DISCOURAGED DUDE.—Going to kill myself.

ADVANCE AGENT.—Say, hold on a minute. If you're bound to do it, won't you be good enough to leave a note saying you do it for love of Miss Starr, the Beautiful Iceberg? It's a dull season, and every little helps.

### AT THE PUPILS' CONCERT.

WAGNER CARR.—I may have to go to the bad place when I die; but there will be one consolation about it.

VESTA BUHL.—What is that?

WAGNER CARR.—There won't be any singing there.

### A NATURAL DEATH.

SYNIC.—Pity all these verse writers can't be strangled like Anacreon.

KLINIC.—How was he strangled?

SYNIC.—A grape-stone choked him.

KLINIC.—Ah! A grape-stone. Well, that's in the regular order of things. These poets mostly run to seed sooner or later, you know.

### SUSPICIOUS.

JUDGE.—What led you to think the prisoner was a burglar?

OFFICER.—Why, his pockets were full of burglar alarms when I arrested him.

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

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"No, my son. That was a case where history does n't re-Pete itself."

"Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace, his quick creation, his unerring line!" — GRAY.

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A few cheap grocers are offering an inferior article under the name of French Soups. Be sure to ask for the

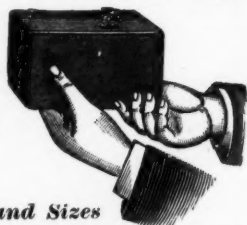
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The staple patterns are solids, mixtures and stripes, while the novelties consist of Unsheared Worsteds, Bedford Weaves, and Scotch Cheviots.

The popular style for Business Wear will be a repetition of last year, "The Double-Breasted Sack," while the Three-Button Cutaway has the call for Semi-Dress.

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SOLID, CUSHION OR  
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## THE ENVIED EDITOR.

THE EDITOR sat in his office chair,  
Watching the oxygen in the air;  
Deep in his heart was a silent prayer,  
For his work was nearly ended.  
But suddenly there came a rap,  
And the poor man's head began to snap;  
In vain he attempted a tepid grin  
As he saw the letters come pouring in,  
Then with a sigh  
He pulled them nigh—  
And ordered the fires re-tended.

No. 1.

"Will you please accept my verses?  
Surely, sir, you can't refuse;  
We have met with sad reverses,  
And 'My Mother's Worn-Out Shoes'  
Is a subject which must soften  
Every heart that beats at all;  
I will send you poems often  
In the Spring and in the Fall;  
If attention they command,  
I have quite a lot on hand."

No. 2.

"Will you please accept my poem?  
I was much inspired at Rome,  
(Roem you must say,  
To give the metre play),  
By the wondrous Coliseum,  
And the leaves upon the tree-um,  
And the moonlight lay.  
How the maidens fair will sigh  
With a tear-drop in each eye,  
As my poem they peruse,  
As they question with my muse,  
'Did Remus really die?'"

The editor swam through number three,  
Who wrote of "the billows bounding free,"  
And "the moonlight silvering the sea,"  
'Till a period saved from drowning.  
He read of the griefs of number four,  
And the various pangs of a hundred more—  
One frankly wrote he was n't inspired,  
Because he felt so dreadfully tired;  
He had placed no curb  
On his wandering verb,  
And the reader found him as dense as Browning.

The editor's face was very long,  
When he had finished the hundredth song;  
He wildly sounded the sanctum gong,  
And summoned his menial satyr—  
Then sat once more in his office chair,  
Counting the molecules in the air,  
While the mercury  
Went up with a fly,  
And the fire went out—much later.  
"Karl."

TRUTH CRUSHED to earth may rise again; but  
it is with sore ribs, and time wasted in wiping off  
the mud.

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NAGGS.—Tut! tut! tut! I read PUCK, myself.

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Knows a good thing,  
I tell ye; and when  
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On it."

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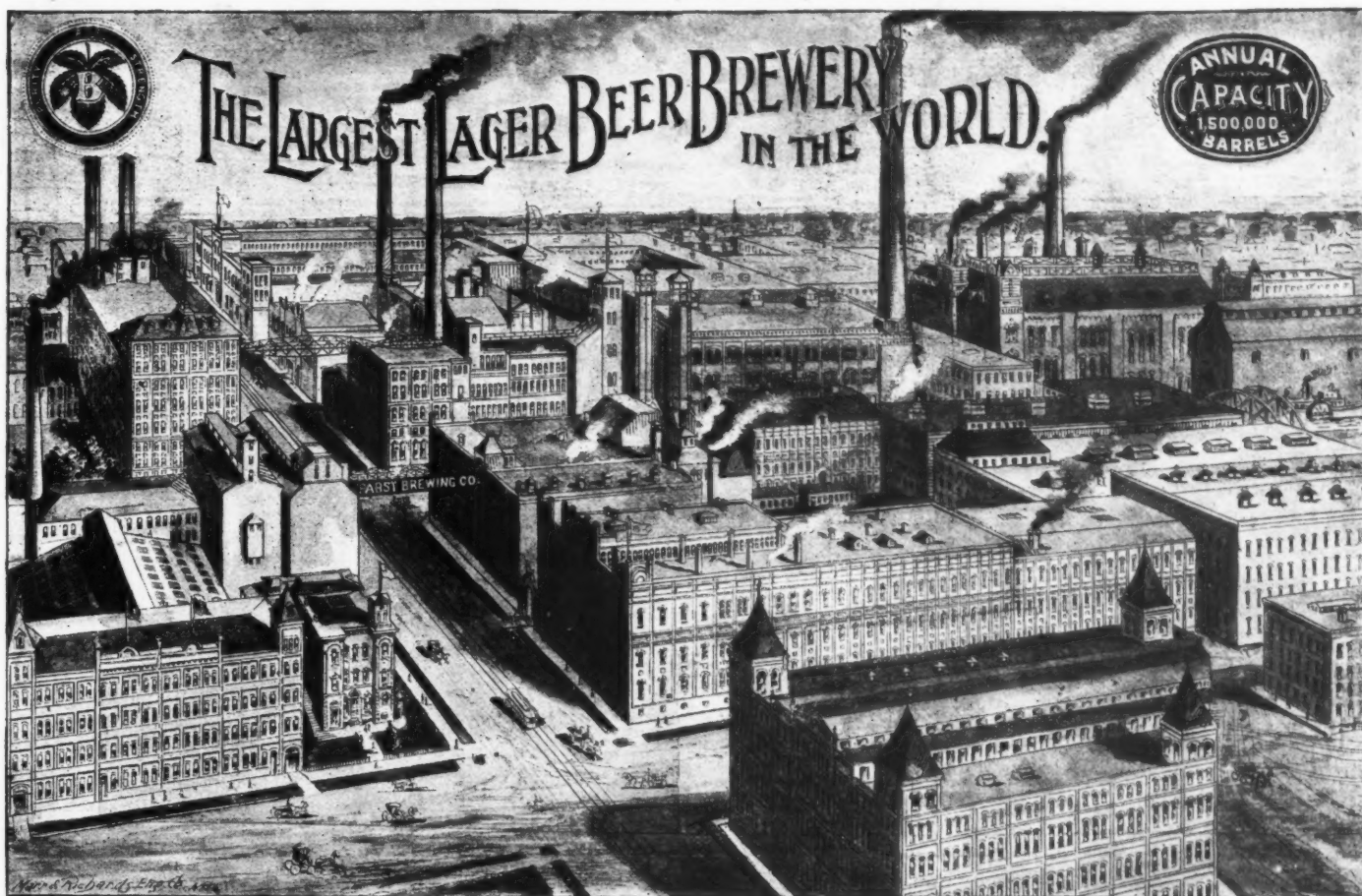
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